WORDEATERS

WORDEATER AWARDS

Deadline Dec. 3, 1973

Entries should be submitted to J. Stobart, C1069. Real names must be signes. Only JuCo students enrolled Fall, 1973, qualified.

POETRY

	1-20 lines	20-40 lines	40+ lines	
Imagery	$5	$5	$5	
Sound:	$5	$5	$5	
Narrative:	$5	$5	$5	
Cleverness:	$5	$5	$5	
Overall:	$10	$10	$10	
	$30	$30	$30	$90

FICTION

Best Realism:	$10	
Best Humor:	$10	
Best Fantasy:	$10	
Best Male Characterization:	$5	
Best Female Characterization:	$5	
Best Plot:	$5	
	$45	$45

PLAYWRITING

Best Realism:	$10	
Best Comedy:	$10	
	$20	$20

ESSAYS

Editorial:	$5	
Satire:	$5	
Book Review:	$5	
Movie Review:	$5	
Investigative Report:	$10	
	$30	$30

CARTOONS

Political (ink):	$5	
General:	$5	
	$10	$10
LOUDMOUTH'S SPECIAL:		$5
		$200

All entries may be printed in a future WORDEATER.

W O R D E A T E R S

Gluttons:

Kathy Delaney — Linda Keith

Cookie Haas — Jean Tyrell

Poetasters:

Tom Csepregi — Patty Harrison

Bonnie Ellis — Joan Pastere

Etha Griffin — W. A. Mooney

Virginia Orozco

Cover Design Award: Tom Melcher

CONTEST

(Write a Poem in 25 words or less)

Make a rhyme
Mark time
Subject matter
"Meaningful" chatter
Insight
Write
For better or worse
Postmarked by the 31st
Best you've heard
Cross out a ~~word~~

T. Hajek II

A Poem Written About Them

Blue nose gopher holes
Black rind fruit bowls
Purple pasted pickle plates
Yellow yummy pound cakes
All have meaning all have fame
Just because they're not the same
Just because there was a poem written about them.

Tom McCabe

I 'Ms" My Baby So Much

Mister Misses Misers Miss
Listen Now! I proclaim this!
My "old lady", my game match
Her first name has a catch
It is not from above
But I still say it with love
Two short letters that is all
An abbreviation with lots of gall
If you've guessed it you pass the quiz
That's right folks it Ms. Ms. Ms.

Tom McCabe

Lio, the Riddler

In life I have many forms
In death but one.
I slip away from the surface
To make my black subterranean run.

In caverns I store away
But life brings me up again.
They make me do their work
Though I might destroy them.

When spilled upon life's watery surface
I do not sink but swim.
I know myself by lio
You may know me by another whim.

Charles Moffatt

A Dollar I Once Had

I traded my dollar for dimes
With my dimes I purchased
Waste, thrill, and sin.
Now I sit
Poor and listless
Living to see my old but ever beautiful
Dollar, bring happiness and wealth
To its beholder.
Worth an infinite power of dimes.

My Life's Secret

There's something important I'd like to say
I only wish you could hear me now.
But if this thought goes unrecorded
It would be my very own hell.
For death comes quick and unwarning
It never knocks on anyone's door,
And if I die and you never read this
You'll never know the real source.
You may not care or even think
To care about what I say now.
But my feelings won't change
Being disregarded throughout eternity.
Now I write those committing words:
"Girl, I love you very dearly!"

W. W. F.

Haikus For Youse

Long tressed lads and
Their lasses, appear alike
Through olden glasses.

Low jeans, exposed
Navel, makes we uns happy
She ain't our Mabel.

Hot rods are lethal
When burning up rubber or
Pacing a diesel.

Palindromes, also
Hippodromes, are less well known
To teens than telephones.

Charles Winans

Variety of haiku

Monday Haiku

Professor no break
Rousy riltre nips irite Haiku!?
Tumbling in bamboo frame.

Tuesday Haiku

Haiku number two
Say there you, do you haiku?
Ugh! No lik'em haiku

Doug Emory

A Lie

Hurt incognito
Walks carelessly along,
Until disrobed

Joan Pastore

Growing Old

Racing toward the sun
And finding it behind you
Makes for winter snows.

Joan Pastere

Tuesday,
I love sunshine days:
summer stretched to winter
frosty and snowing

Wednesday,
Faces without names. . .--
People once fascinated me.
Now, names no faces.

Sue Phelan

PSYCH TEACH
Ken Warman's wide eyes
Psychoneurotical stare.
Now, is he crazy?

M. Peterson

I do not desire
To have had my presence felt
Rather -- my absence.

Wayne Mooney

colors

muse

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n g

TINGLE
and START

MINGLE

colors

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vibrations

wavelength hues tremble

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move

colors

TINGLE
and START

colors

muse

Jean Tyrell

ONE WAY STREET

Am I walking down a one-way
street,
Still hoping to find what I've longed
to meet?
"Him," waiting there . . . that expression
and "his" smile.
You'd think I'd have given up after
all this while.

Time is said to heal all wounds.
But there's an exception to every
rule.
Time is known to soften the past.
But special memories, my memories,
will cling to me fast.

The hope, the desire, the longing,
the love, coupled with patience
and help from above,
Will keep me hanging onto his
every move and word.
Start with his friendship, I've that
much I've heard.

Someday the security of being
someone's will bring me to
the end.
Either it'll last or I'll be
ripped-apart inside again.
Whether it'll be him I've yet
to know.
But if not, it's back down the
one-way street . . . heartbreakingly
slow.

Cookie

Peace of Mind

Driving along a highway that leads
to who knows where . . .
and going exactly there . . .
I'm surrounded by country air.

But I find no peace at first.

Turmoil in my head from an encounter
with reality . . .
which again has made a fool
of me . . .
Odd, how we, with eyes, refuse
to see.

I find no peace.

Nature's warmth slowly filters
through even the misty gray . . .
how my mood seems to fit
this dreary day . . .
Inevitably the blues are swept
away.

Peace.

Cookie

Prisms of the Mind

Go around in circles.
Follow in straight lines
Up and down the long staircase --
No answer to the lies.

Air that breathes unkind threats
An end to all bad things
Angels pray for my well-being.
As devils laugh in harmony.

Nothing as dangerous as my own mind
Nothing as threatening as insanity
But beg and plea to do the right
Confused mind all in fright.

Linda Keith

PURPLE FLASHING

The haven of your mind reaching
things never known before.
A purple flashing as you reach for
the door
The cold sweat of a hand that can't
feel
The stumbling of feet at your heel
And you never made way to the door
You knew where it was before . . .
Before the purple flashing, the cold
sweat and stumbling feet
Before the acid and your mind did
meet.

Linda Keith

Atlantic Ocean Sea Calls
(to Michelle)

I came in on the Mayflower
You came in off the bay
Then upon a sugar maple
The leaves began to sway
Did your senses really hibernate
Is the season really fall
Out upon the open sea
Where waves are born and die
Did you really hear a symphony
Or was it simply me
Crying out an old sad song
Singing out of key
Beating on an old tin drum
The reality of dreams

Tom McCabe

Nothing Today But Maybe Tomorrow
(Life with you)

Wanting to give you a poem
A love verse
Hoping the words would come
Forcing the words to come
But no words
No flowing pleasing syllables of rhyme and rhythm
Just thoughts of feelings
Caught up in me with no way to be said
My tears, laughter, anger, quiet
These are my poem
My ever changing impossible verse
That's only title is life with you

Tom McCabe

THUNDERHEADS

I now recall the times when I recoiled in fright
from lesser creatures of the night.
I call to mind their callous shapes and colors
as they lay still among the others,
their shells are scarcely what they seem
and now the shadow rapes my dream.
I scream restrained by bone, my tongue asleep,
alone, my strength must be within this deep of gray
along with demons dun and dim that will not go away.
I seam myself, the lines are not yet are,
the forms are near, the forms are far,
my own defense, my only foe,
the storms are dreams that flicker as they grow,
my dreams are storms that grip me as they flow.

Bruce McAllister

MINUTE

Embryonic pulse
a pinpoint pounding on a sheaf of tissue
isomaternic mulch
a careless turning of the leaf
an issue of ecstatic mistake
no mind, no soul, no sake.
Abortion need be no disgrace
much that is written must be erased.

Bruce McAllister

Oh, Marquis --

If you could see into my mind,
it would scare you to death --
sadistic things I think of
with each and every breath.

Which way to drive my mother
to a neurotic mess,
Or how to manage my night prowls
to get one brother less.

Or how to squash our turtle
or strangle the dear old dog
Or to tickle my sisters
with a cute little twelve foot log.

Yes, you may smile at me strangely
and think I have quite a quirk
But I can say one thing for me --
I'm happy in my work.

Jac-Lynn McQuillen

I Am

Long ago,
the Gypsies came
and stole me away
and put a changeling
into the cradle over which
my mother wept.

They took
me far away
to the Great Golden Hall
and the Valkyrie there
made me their Queen
because my hair was darker
than their own.

They worshipped me as
if I were the only
one of my kind.
And so I am.

I am not like
the other growling, yet
groveling beings of my origin
I must have not only poetry,
and art and music, but
also the power to create them.

But since
I cannot leave my hall
to do this
I have created gods to do my bidding.
You call them artists, and poets,
and musicians.

I hold
the hands of women
wailing in childbirth
and cradle the heads of
dying men against my breast
and deliver them Home.

Some men
say I have worn
armor and fought beside them
for the sake of hearth, and home, and family
Others say
I have worn a circlet of daisies
and danced with them to make
the fields fertile
and given them deer to hunt.

Some say
that I protect the Virgins,
some, that I created the Whore.
I hold the key of life,
the holy Ankh in my hand.
I stretch it forth to all men
but few have ever taken hold.

Some day
I will come for you
and take you to my Golden Hall.
And you will ride in my sister's
chariot and help Aurora
race in each new day.

Jac-Lynn McQuillen

Epitaph of a Dead Poet

I wonder if the trees will cry
And mountains bow their heads,
When the earth's foolish people
And their devices are all dead
Will the oceans be silenced
With the loss of our violence
And the flowers all wither
In the twilight of pretense
Will "Ms." Nature once again become a mom
In the absence of the dark atomic bomb
To an intelligent creature,
Neither pope nor preacher,
Tutor or teacher,
Spaceman or searcher,
Repairman, researcher,
Data Technician,
Plumber, electrician,
Jesus or Buddah,
Mohammed or Drsna,
Hitler or Nixon,
Cayce or Jeane Dixon,
Karl or Lenin,
Groucho or Lennon,
In the future when mankind has gone
Only birds left to sing Man's song
Spectral twilight sunsets dance,
Fearful wolf-like dogs dare chance,
Rainbow rivers ever flow,
Strong clean wind in peace now blow,
As upstream salmon do swim
In forests trees with life abrim.
And poets' and painters' visions now growing,
With never a sign of stopping or slowing
My eyes are want for forest trees
My heart cries out for a cool sea breeze
And dropping down to wounded knees
I beg the earth my soul to seize
And nature to see no surcease
In the new dawn of eternal peace.

Chic Buncley

One Stubbed Toe

Mary had a little lamb
She buried in the snow,
And tripping on a window pane
Encountered One Stubbed Toe.
She heard the peace of a dying Man
As told by One Stubbed Toe.
"My child, the world is filled with sin
But Salvation's here for all
Them pearly gates won't let you in
If you don't heed the call.
The White House, it is filled with slime;
The Watergate, with spies
Democracy's a standard joke
It's led to our demise"
"But Sir" she said to One Stubbed Toe
With a look of marked disdain
"Surely politics does not account
For all this vivid pain"
"The bullets may have helped a bit,
The hunters cannot see,
As goes the saying of some sage
'The forest for the trees'"

Chic Buncley

Man in a Jar

There once was a man in a jar
Who dare not come out very far,
For whenever he stuck out his
head too much
He would suddenly become out of
touch.

Far out in nowheresville is
where he'd end up to be,
Then a pert young man would
haul him back persuading him to see,
"Man," he said, "It's not worth it
out there.
You could get lost and afraid and
who'd care?"
So the man climed up the side and
over the lid
And closed the cap, and all
snugly hid.

Kathy

The Secret That You Never Told

It's what made you do,
What made you do, what made you do,
Whatever that you did.

It's the secret that is never told.
That you tried so hard to share,
That departed with your soul

It's what you wanted so much to hide.
But you, yourself, could never see.
You spent a lifetime keeping it inside.

It's the secret that,
Was never heard,
Yet maybe understood.

It's your heaven,
It's your hell,
Your ugliness and beauty too

It's your secret that was never told
It's the secret,
That is you.

Tom Roach

Cost of Living

And you were a rubber band
But you weren't
But I pulled
And they pulled
And I guess I let go first--
A game called tug of war.
I lost

I wish you had been there
More often
Stronger than that
Not so easy to control
To win and to lose
But I guess if your sights were too high
You never would have seen me to begin with

I'm sorry, but I don't bring it up
To make you feel bad
I could have loved you like that.
I hope with all my heart that you will
Find someone who will accept the
Wrinkles that I have worn
When I stretched your skin
With my love.

Pointless Compromise

A navigators' voice from far behind me
Is telling me that this is pain,
Although I cannot see you
Your image still remains,

You're a thousand miles away
Being buried by the sun
As I stand here in the rain.

We were looking for release
to the west and to the east
The feeling burning in the bridges that we crossed
Oh Star, Oh Star, Oh Star, I'm lost.

In your eyes I saw eternity
But that was yesterday,
What you showed me lasts forever
And you have gone away,

Words only point to thought
What else can I say? Thoughts only compromise
A world already golden grey.

Tom Roach

Alone, A Tree

The Pine tree filters sunlight through it's evergreen branches and redirected wayward breezes maliciously. It stood gnarled and leaning, on the side of an ignoble mountain. Few infant trees grew near, it's roots rumoured poisonous, and the already sparce grass providing ground cover for the ungrateful living bird perch, browned even more and stalk casualty was high.

Various moths and monarchs determinedly detoured the pine, and squirrels, strangely silent within range of it's far reaching roots, sought its branches only in torrential downpours or during other unkind freaks of meterological nature.

The Columbine shunned its shade. The birds, belonging to another time, place, and order of higher intelligence, breathed in nothing of the tree's fabled ferocity, and often frequented the shaggy limbs to clean their feathers or take refuse from the darkness, completely oblivious of mammal gossip.

Quiet struck like lightning with the first of the pack horses lumbering rhythmatically up the mountain side. And she sat on the ninth horse in the string of tethered beasts, a long-maned bay. She was short-haired, and as they rode she spoke mumblingly to the dark-eyed steed, his ears twitching under her humid breath.

"You know, you're a darn nice horse, . . . take it easy, boy, I'm not in any sort of a hurry, it's all these speedy . . . morons, they're in a hurry to get to the top to eat, that's really it."

She glanced up and her eyes frighteenedly fixed themselves upon the pine tree. The birds had fled. Even as they slowly rode by her gaze never left the sullen tree with it's pool blue background. The bark of that tree, she reasoned silently, can't possible be as familiar as it seems.

"I've never seen that tree before," she said to her horse, "have I?" The horse snapped it's tail in brisk reply.

The branches, she thought, the branches seem to be extending themselves towards me. "Why?" she quietly inquired of her horse, again.

Her eyes frantically searched the tree from its narrow peak to its not entirely invisible roots and she felt the tears begin to wet her lashes.

"It seems so alone," her tears dripped down on the horse's neck and he strained to turn and look at her, his ears back

The pack-line of horses and humans turned to avoid a steep downgrade of loose rocks and the pine tree, still reaching towards her, was out of her sight. All too quickly. "Hey, Leath, lookout, will ya," the words drifted resoundingly to her ear-drums, "the branch, blockhead, duck!"

She turned swiftly in the saddle, and successfully dodged the low tree-arm. As she relaxed, sudden terror seized her and she clenched her knees tightly, evoking a whinny from the foot-sore stallion. Her free hand shot to the right back pocket of her levis, searching for the book.

It was still there, her knees relaxed, Stony Stevenson was alright, Malochi Constant remained that way, and all the others pressed together on the pages of fire wood pulp soothed her ruffled nerves. She leaned forward to replace the paperback, the horse missed a step, so that the white letters K-U-R-T-V-O-N-N-E-G-U-T, remained visible to the riders and horses behind her, numbers ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, and fourteen. They wouldn't (they couldn't) snicker at her with that purple-covered masterpiece staring them in the face.

Her thoughts returned to the Pine tree, (the tears returned), she silently used her navy-blue bandana to absorb the wet drops. "Hey, Leath," number thirteen called, "you dropped your scarf," she had, almost purposely, let the damp navy bandana slip from her hand to the side of the hoof-worn trail, as an excuse to return to the Pine tree.

"Oh, thanks, Syd," she lied loudly for the sake of the whole string of them, "I didn't know . . . thanks."

"Oh, that's O.K." Syd answered loudly, feeling rather embarrassed at his own loudness, but not quite certain how else to react.

Lunch was on the horizon. Leath, ignoring the typical mountain-cool nearly noon-day sun, put up the hood of her hooded-pocketed sweatshirt and tucked the remaining few strands of stray hair inside.

Lunch beamed on the horizon.

"I sure am hungry," number five shouted to number four, a friend.

"Me too," number four shouted back.

"Why are they shouting," Leath asked number ten, the dark-haired, dark-eyed girl on the pale horse, behind her.

"Because," number ten answered, "they want Roger to hear them, take the hint, and stop sooner for lunch."

"But," Leath began, "Roger said we were going to get to the top before we ate lunch, . . . I thought that's what we were going to do."

"I thought so, too," number ten replied.

"Some people are never satisfied," Leath said heavily.

"That's for sure," breathed back number ten.

Lunch appeared.

"All right, gang," Roger drawled, "Soup's almost on, why don't you go fill up your canteens first."

Lunch was over too soon, and hunger still crouched on many faces. Leath's remaining hunger was replaced by the unexplained sadness over the Pine. The gang felt silent, seemingly in awe of the rapid sunlight and a library quiet filled the thin air.

Sleep replaced Leath's sorrow that replaced her haunting hunger, and the skittish clouds came in for a closer look. The sunlight shone through to the inside of her eye lids and dreams, scarce in the high attitude, were badly sunburnt.

A stone ricocheted off her heel, and she woke cat-like. Tony leaned, a few feet away, eyeing her sheepishly, those beautiful, long, dark, absolutely black lashes she so envied, closed on one eye and a grin grew on his tanned face.

Number ten, the dark-haired, dark-eyed girl, casually intervened; whether or not she was prompted to do so by the eye-invitation Leath couldn't be sure, but Tony was a loner, and number ten was constantly designing ways to bring him out of that. She, number ten, had opened her arms to him, but not to his lonliness, and that is why the pebble had plucked Leath's ankle and not hers, and also why the wink had been aimed at her and not at number ten.

She smiled again. As the horses passed out of sight behind a clump of brush, the birds returned silently to the no-longer reaching branches of the Pine tree.

GONE

"Melinda, it's for you," Ron screamed as he ran back up to his room after answering the phone.

It was Sue my best friend calling to tell me that we were going to have to walk to the basketball game tonight. She never can take the car anywhere. I drove last week and I'm certainly not driving this week -- "Stop it, leave me alone you slob" I shouted at my brother as he slapped me on the back of the head when we passed in the kitchen.

He wasn't really a fat slob, in fact he had a pretty good body, but since he always kidded me about being so skinny, I had to get back at him somehow.

I started running the water for a bath when Ron yelled "don't slip down the drain, Lynn" as he slammed the door.

I laughed suddenly as I remembered what Sue had told me over the phone. She heard from her sister that Ron was going out with a girl named Cathy who was supposedly very wild and taking all kinds of dope. Ron involved with a girl like that? He never even drank as far as I knew.

Even though Ron was two years older than I was, I had a certain sense of pride in the fact that I was more experienced in many ways than he was. For instance, last week I came home high out of my mind and he came up to me and asked me to help him wash his car -- imagine that, Ron always had to have everything clean including his car -- anyone could see I was totally wasted but not Ron, he didn't know about things like that.

Well my brother wasn't cool, so what, I liked him anyway.

I woke up to the sound of Alice Cooper blasting through my thin wall. . . "Eighteen and I can do what I want, I'm a boy and I'm a man I'm eighteen and I like it, love it, like it, love it, eighteen..." Ron really identified with that song since he was eighteen he thought Cooper sang the song just for him. Since it was Saturday I wanted to sleep late, but not Ron. It seemed to me he just had to get up early so he could hear the "Love It To Death" album that much longer.

"Ron, turn the stereo down a little I'm trying to sleep," I screamed -- no answer. I finally got up and angrily shoved upen Ron's door. Whatever he was looking at he quickly threw in his dresser drawer.

"I'm trying to sleep, as if you didn't know. Turn it down," I persisted.

"Shut up, Melinda, I'm eighteen and I can do what I want."

I slammed his door. Oh God, he thinks he's Cooper himself.

I went back to bed and slept till noon. I wished I could have slept all day because little did I know all hell would break loose that night. Dad got arrested for drunkedness. I was quite surprised since I didn't think he drank that much at home, or anywhere else for that matter. He was picked up staggering around downtown so mom had to bail him out. Dad said it was embarrassing but over and done with and something he could use repeatedly for a laugh and for its shock value. Mom was disgraced but I didn't say too much about it. That night Ron walked by Mom and Dad's room and yelled "Hi dad, how was jail?"

For supper the next night, to my utter surprise Ron brought home his new girlfriend, Cathy. He's sure been fooling me I thought. Mom and Dad really liked Cathy, they thought she was such a sweet girl, just the kind that makes a good wife.

After supper Ron and Cathy left, so I decided to stay up and wait for Ron to get home and confront him with the rumor I heard about Cathy. At about three o'clock I heard something fall downstairs and then a burst of laughter. It was unlike Ron to make so much noise when he comes home. As he was coming up the stairs I knew I didn't need to ask him about what I heard. To say Ron looked high was an understatement. He was practically floating up the stairs and when he saw me, with I suppose a quite perplexed look on my face, he burst into uncontrollable laughter.

"What have you been up to," I asked.

"Nothing at all, Lynn," he splurted out between peals of laughter.

By this time Mom was up wondering what was going on. When Ron saw Mom he quickly or at least quick enough went into his room and shut the door. I told mom Ron and I were goofing around and unbelievably she fell for the story even though it was three in the morning.

I guess her mind was still on Dad and the disgrace he caused the family. She apparently wasn't over the shock yet.

The next day I directly confronted Ron. "Looks like you're not so innocent after all, Ron." He walked by ignoring me completely. I followed him up to his room. As I walked in I tripped over a pile of clothes.

"What a mess! Since when is your room like this?" My voice was drowned out by the sound of the stereo.

"Come on, Melinda, just get out and leave me alone."

As I walked in the house I knew something was wrong with Mom. She had a terrified but sad look in her eyes. When I asked what was wrong she gave me a ten dollar bill and told me to go get something to eat. I knew better than to ask what was wrong again because I had just spotted at least a half pound of marijauna in front of her on the table. Naturally I played dumb and left, but came home in about an hour out of morbid curiosity.

All mom could say to Ron, who sat there very nonchalantly, was something is wrong with your heart now that you've used this marijauna and even though I won't forgive you I'll see that you get to the hospital tonight.

Dad put up a steady argument of why Ron shouldn't use marijuana. He told Ron that it's dangerous, harmful and illegal and that you can get very strange reactions from it.

Ron hardly spoke throughout it all but finally denied it being his and said he was just keeping it for somebody.

Anyway Mom made an appointment and Ron did go to the doctor the next day for a checkup. The doctor said he was in perfect condition.

"Well Melinda, I'm not on death's door yet, am I? What do mothers know?" Ron laughed. I agreed.

Ron and I rarely saw each other and I figured he was with Cathy most of the time and I wasn't about to ask. The funny thing was Mom and Dad very rarely spoke about Ron while I was around and hardly ever actually talked to him. They knew something was happening but I think they were trying to kid themselves that nothing was wrong and that Ron was just going through a teenage stage.

Lately when I did see Ron he looked depressed and I was surprised at his loss of weight. He didn't seem to care about anything anymore; not his car, his room, or himself. I also noticed he started smoking cigarettes, a habit he said no one should get into.

The change in Ron really bothered me since I thought we were close even though we both held up a front for each other. He avoided Mom, Dad, and me. I was afraid he was in too deep somehow. I didn't know what to think, but I decided I would stop worrying. So he wants to be left alone. Why should he be so interested in talking to me anyway. He's alright. Ron's always alright.

As a few days went by I dismissed Ron from my mind and I began to think I had been worried about nothing, when I found Ron sitting in my room one afternoon waiting for me.

"Melinda, I'm moving out and I don't want Mom and Dad to know where. I can't live here anymore. I just don't get what I need here."

I thought he was referring to Cathy but when I asked about her, he said he forgot about her a long time ago.

"Alright, something's bothering you. You're not yourslef. Tell me what's happening."

He didn't come out and tell me, he showed me. He lifted up his shirt sleeve and when I saw the needle marks I knew. I suddenly came up put my arm around his shoulders and asked how I could help. This sudden outburst of emotion between us was too much for Ron. He felt uncomfortable and so did I.

"I'll kick it. Just don't tell them what I'm doing or where I'm going," he begged.

As he left he gave me his address and I promised not to tell. He had trusted me. I must trust him.

My parents went through a period of shock when Ron left. It was horrible for me to be in the middle. It had been three weeks since Ron had left and I told myself I would go see him soon. I wanted to help him but not be trouble for him either.

That night there was a huge party guaranteed to be a good one. So I went and the usual people were there, but news came that the police were on their way. As we tried to find our way out the back, I saw something that shocked me worse than anything ever before: Ron sitting by himself in the corner totally unaware that there was or had been a party going on. I walked over to him but he didn't pay attention until I leaned directly in front of him. He had a far away vision in his eyes.

I pulled into a drive-in restaurant. I told Ron to eat something before we went back home. Mom and Dad weren't going to expect to see him looking like that. His appearance was unbelievable. He had on the same clothes he had on when he left, and I don't think they had been washed. His hair was dirty and matted, and his jacket had different food stains all over it.

Ron was back at home and supposedly straight, but I knew it was hell for him. He was completely absent-minded and his conversation was empty. I was constantly saying Ron put out your cigarette, Ron don't leave the water boiling, Ron turn the stereo off.

Once in a while Ron would try to tell me what he felt inside, what he was going through.

One afternoon Ron called me in his room. I could barely hear him over the sound of Alice Cooper. Ron didn't change in one way, he still listened to Alice Cooper. He told me he was straight now but didn't know where to go from there. He was so confused, I didn't know what to say or suggest. He then got up and I watched my thin desperate brother walk out the door. The music in the background was playing .... Eighteen I get confused everyday, eighteen I got to get away, I got to get out of this place . . .

I didn't follow him. I don't know why, but I didn't. I will never forgive myself for that. He didn't come back and can't be found. Police, missing persons, FBI, no one can find him. With little or no money, or car, how could he have survived? Naturally I still hope but I've come to accept that he's gone.

SAVING JOHN

John used to live with three prostitutes on Rush Street and drive a pink Lincoln Continental. Now he lives with his parents in Black Road Terrace and drives a Pontiac, which just goes to show you that anything good is not going to last forever.

I met John at a North Side crash pad in the summer of 1970. He was never in one place too long. This we called his "Richochet Rabbit Touches." John rarely slept. He was out twenty-four hours a day saving the world, or at least a part of it: himself.

How or why our lives came together is still a mystery to me, but they did and we enjoyed them, and eventually sent them on their separate ways.

You meet, momentarily touch someone's (too short or too long) life, then carry on with your own feeling revitalized.

John used to run around barefoot in jeans and tank tops with holes in his arms. He had one aim in life -- to get high and stay high. I admired John's determination and sympathized with his obsession.

He came to my apartment one evening late in September and wanted to know if I'd go for a walk with him to the lake. He needed to talk to someone. So, John and I left the apartment and headed east to the lake. Evenings at the lake are peaceful. People are playing guitars, singing, writing, painting, loving and just generally enjoying life.

But sometimes life can be a little much for some people, even John. He was, to me, immortal because I got exhausted just watching John or hearing about John from someone else.

The wind was blowing in off the lake enough to keep the hair out of your face. The moon was exceptionally bright, surrounded by white outlines of rain clouds. Stars were few and far between, it was a nice night; peaceful, and I found it hard to believe someone like John could find frustration inside of him.

We talked about this and that. Idle conversation, really. But we solved the problems of the world. If something was bothering John, he was avoiding it, which was really all right with me because I wasn't sure I could handle it, anyway.

We walked and walked. It seemed like hours. The wind picked up speed and brought an icy chill in off the lake. Then it started to rain. Slow at first, then a steady and hard downfall. We started to run for shelter, but John stopped dead in his tracks, put his face to the sky, his arms outstretched and just let the water rain on him.

Puzzled, I watched him from the shelter, as soaking wet as he was but somehow not appreciating it the way he was. Here was this guy getting off on mother nature the same way I had seen him get off on crystal. And I felt sorry for him?

There were a thousand different feelings bursting inside of me. I wanted to cry tears that couldn't be distinguished from the rain. I wanted to laugh at how silly he looked standing there in the rain: but most of all, I wanted to hold John close to me, and say, "John, I know how you feel. And maybe the rain will temporarily wash it all away, but it's not on your body. It's inside of you John. And how can it go away if it's inside?"

And as fast as the rain started, it stopped. John realized this almost as quickly. He looked around for me. I heard myself whisper, "here I am, John, standing in the shadows."

He walked slowly over to me, our eyes saying what words couldn't, and took my hand. We silently walked back to my apartment. Once there, I made us some hot tea. Still no words. Usually silence between two people is awkward, but not this time. We both knew what the other was feeling, and it was growing more intense.

When I awoke the next morning, John was gone, but the sheet was damp next to me where he had laid his body down.

Linda Keith

Dashiell Hammett

Dashiell Hammett is a very talented author. I state this not only on the basis of reviews of his books, but also on the basis of the books themselves. A fine collection of his works are available in a volume entitled The Novels of Dashiell Hammett which contains "The Dain Curse," "Red Harvest," "The Maltese Falcon," "The Glass Key," and "The Thin Man."

In all of his books Hammett presents his characters as characters of America between 1920 and 1940. They are characters of crime-ridden gangster towns or are associated with the bootleggers of the Prohibition Era. Typically, the good guys always win, but have to go through a lot of dead ends to come to the right conclusion. Perry Mason, Gardner's hero, almost never made a mistake and had to backtrack, whereas practically all of Hammett's heroes do have to!

While his backgrounds tend to be so much alike as to be almost interchangeable his characters do not. Sam Spade and Nick Charles are almost opposties. Spade is portrayed as a smart, but poor private eye, whom everyone expects to be easily duped or double-crossed. In fact, the other characters in the book frequently change sides, which just serves to strengthen Spade's resolve to solve the case.

Charles, on the other hand, is rich and had previously been a detective for the police and had retired. He is smart, and everyone knows it. No one tries to underestimate him; they just try to stay away from him.

All of Hammett's characters have a very life-like color to them. He does not write a "Dragnet" type of book. "Dragnet" almost totally suppresses the characters for the plot. Hammet writes for the characters, and suppresses the background, and to a small extent, the plot. He goes from point A to point B but in a very nondescript manner.

Hammett's plots, as in all detective stories, are designed to confuse the reader until the end. He takes the reader through all kinds of apparently unrelated facts and at the end assembles a "surprise ending." A good thing about his plots is that they are never hokey. No one returns from the dead, and nobody takes on fifty crooks and comes out a winner. He comes out dead, which is much more realistic.

His clues are dropped in different ways. In "Red Harvest," the facts are presented to the reader by the main character, who remains nameless. We see the story unfolding through his eyes. It is written in the first person, and this gets the reader into the story, at the beginning. In "The Thin Man," however, the facts are discovered and presented to the reader by Nick Charles, as he explains their presence to the police.

As a final testament to Hammett, his popularity must serve some purpose. "The Maltese Falcon" was one of the best mystery movies ever made, and "The Thin Man" became a series which was widely accepted, not only because Charles always got the bad guy, but also because of the sheer enjoyment of watching the characters go through life. Herein lies Dashiell Hammett's talent: in being able to entertain many people by using many different vehicles. His novels run the gamut from light, serio-comedic mysteries to dark, sordid thrillers.

David Zordan

Conjuring

I

Why did all my teachers
Say I couldn't read?
Was it because I would not
Speak the words aloud?
But closely kept and guarded
The secret signing of
The Elegant Byzantine Eye.
It would signify singing.
("Come now quickly, come away
And I will trail your little self
In a magnificent arc
Without gravity or reference.")

II

They came to learning like
Angry peasants to a castle.
Huffing up to the drawbridge
("We're getting closer, can you see we're getting closer!")
The denominator of the distance
Growing with each half step
Finally they despaired of reasoned motion
And hurled bewildered bodies against the door
Hailing their arms and wailing
Until summer came.

III

As I grew older
They grew more cunning
No longer battering-rams but archaeologists
They attacked their buildings
Gently and with method.
("Please note the size and angle of this stone.
The position of that beam should interest you, I think.")
Some useless castle was dismantled
Then reassembled, put back together
Precisely as before. They would Smile
The Sad Sweet Smile
Of wisdom conferred.
("Ah, my pretties, the class is ended
Go in peace.")

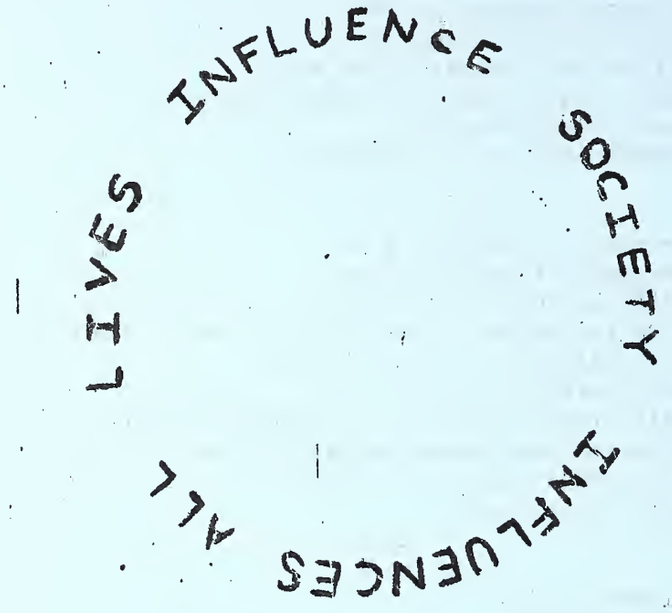
IV

This is how I learned to read.
Sitting in the summer porch
I opened a book and waited.
The eye began to form
On the page.
Its jewelled stare
Like a road sign
Come upon in the dark.
Then, at no particular moment
And before there was time to pass
It licked out its lustre
And stung me.
Not like a wasp
But like a seduction

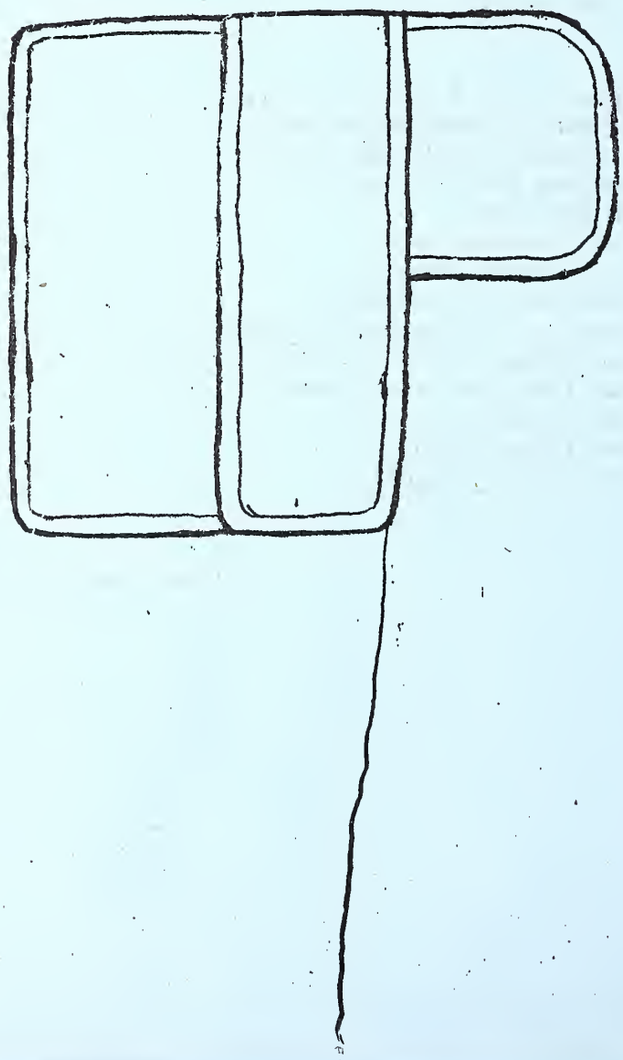
by Glenna Ostenburg

Examples of CONCRETE poetry

Life: A Vicious Circle



Cup!



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